





The KATY KRUSE DOLLY BOOK



BY ROSE FYLEMAN

VERSE

THE KATY KRUSE DOLLY BOOK FAIRIES AND FRIENDS THE ROSE FYLEMAN FAIRY BOOK FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS THE FAIRY GREEN THE FAIRY FLUTE

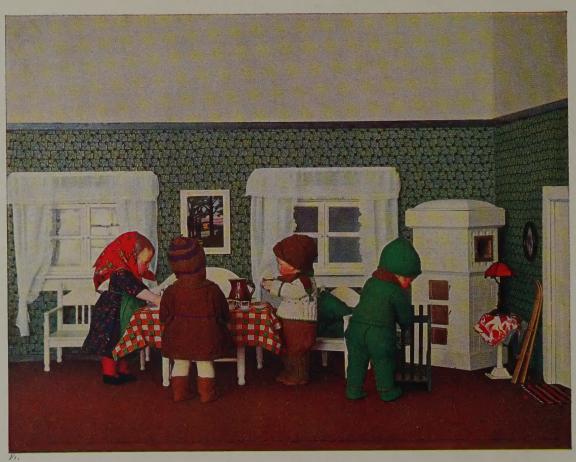
TALES

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS BOOK LETTY THE RAINBOW CAT FORTY GOOD-NIGHT TALES

PLAYS

EIGHT LITTLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN







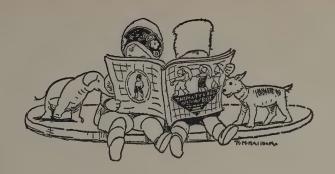
GEORGE A DORAN GOMPANY PUBLISHERS NEW YORK COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



The Katy Kruse dolly book $\stackrel{\textstyle \leftarrow}{-} R \stackrel{\textstyle \leftarrow}{-}$ Printed in the united states of America

The KATY KRUSE DOLLY BOOK





DOLLY LAND

H, have you been to Dolly Land?
And would you like to go?
You don't take a quick train,
You don't take a slow,
You don't take an aeroplane,
You don't take a car,
You only have to turn the page....

And here, you see—you are.

HURRY up, my dear," says Mr Dolly, "you'll be late for breakfast and I shall miss my train."

"I am hurrying," says Mrs Dolly, "but you've used all the hot water for shaving."

"Lena'll soon bring some more," says Mr Dolly. "Meanwhile, I must tell you the little song I made about my tooth-brush."

Mr Dolly was a bit of a poet, you see, and he was always making up little verses.

Here's the toothbrush one.





Toothbrush, when you're hard and new I'm a bit afraid of you.

When you're just a little old Then you're worth your weight in gold.

But when you are growing thin And the bristles won't stay in,

Dearest toothbrush, then I know That you'll really have to go.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr Dolly.

"I don't think it's very poetical," said Mrs Dolly.

"Perhaps not," said Mr Dolly, "but I daresay I shall make a better one later on.

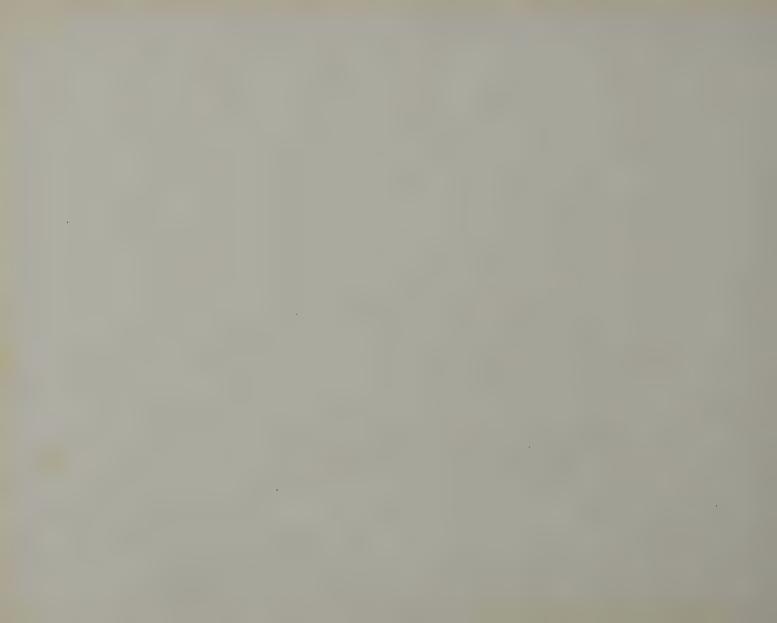
"I feel very poetical to-day. I think I will take a holiday and sit in the garden and write poetry."

"Well, it's a good thing I'm not feeling poetical," said Mrs Dolly, "else where would our dinner be?"

And after breakfast she put on her cap and apron and was very busy cooking the dinner, while Lena did some ironing.







Mr Dolly went out into the garden to think about a poem.

It was lovely in Mr and Mrs Dolly's garden.

In Dolly Land the flowers are much brighter than ours, and the birds all sing nursery rhymes.

"We shall have tea in the garden this afternoon," said Mr Dolly. "I'll make a poem about tea in the garden."

You will find it on the next page.

Tea in the Garden

A big cup for you, A little cup for me, A saucer for Jumbo, And that makes three.

A big cake for you, A little cake for me, A biscuit for doggy-boy, And that makes three.

A posy for you, A buttonhole for me, Sugar for a dicky-bird, And that makes three.





When Mr Dolly had finished his poem he went to sleep in his garden.

But the rest of the family didn't go to sleep. Not they!





The baby dollies had to be taken out for a walk, for, you see, the big dollies have little dollies of their own, and even in Dolly Land children have to be looked after.





The big ones go to school and learn dolly lessons out of dolly books, but the lessons are not very hard. They don't learn any geography, and they only do very, very easy sums. Weeny ones.





Here are three of the children going to school. Do look at their lovely red umbrellas and their funny satchels. Here is a little rhyme out of one of their books.

Cats and Mice

Cats are big, Mice are small, They are not Alike at all.

--%{ 16 }♣⊶





When once the children were well out of the way Mrs Dolly was able to get on with the work.



Mrs Dolly's Washing Song

Poke them in the tub,
And rub, rub; rub:
Socks for Jim and frocks for Jess,
Shirts for Tim and skirts for Tess:
Soak them in the tub,
And rub, rub, rub.

Hang them on the line;
Sun, please shine.
The sun must shine and the wind must blow
To make my washing white as snow.
Hang them on the line;
Shine, sun, shine.





Later on Mrs Dolly had to go to market to do the shopping.

Of course, dolly shops are not quite like ours.





For one thing, the dollies have no money. They pay with buttons or little shells.

The shops are lovely, all mixed up, you know, and so gay. Like the shops are at Christmas-time here.





When Mrs Dolly came home to dinner she got rather a fright, but she need not have been alarmed.



Two of her friends had come on a visit, and they had brought a tent and put it up in the yard.

They were dressed up like Red Indians, and they really looked rather fierce just at first.

They do things like that in Dolly Land. It's great fun.







After dinner Mrs Dolly made Mr Dolly go out with her. "It's Cousin Mary's birthday," she said. "We must get some flowers to take her. I expect she will ask us to stay to tea."

"Then I shan't have tea in the garden after all," thought Mr Dolly. "Never mind, it will be fun buying flowers in the market, and afterwards there will be lovely birthday cake at Cousin Mary's party."





"I wonder if I could make a poem for the birthday," he said, as they started off with the flowers.

"Of course you could, darling," said Mrs Dolly. "I won't talk till we get there so that you can think of one."



Here is the birthday party. Our Mr and Mrs Dolly haven't arrived yet. I believe they are waiting on the stairs until Mr Dolly has finished his poem.

Here is the poem:

BIRTHDAY WISHES

Lots of presents,
Lots of fun,
Lots of flowers,
Lots of sun.
Lots of friendly
Hands to shake,
Lots of smiles,
And LOTS of cake.



PLATE X





When Mr and Mrs Dolly got home they found an invitation to go and stay with their friends Mr and Mrs Wintergreen, who lived in the Cotton-wool Snow Country.

"Let's go," said Mr Dolly, who always liked a change.

"Very well, we'll go to-morrow," said his wife, who really was a wonderful woman.

So off they went the very next day.



PLATE XI

It doesn't take a long time to travel in Dolly Land, and they got there in about ten minutes.



They had a lovely time there tobogganing and ski-ing with their friends.

Cotton-wool snow is just as much fun as real snow, but not so cold, of course.

I don't know when they'll be coming home.

When last I heard of them Mr Dolly was making a poem about an icicle.

I haven't seen it, but here's a dolly's lullaby I've made up myself to finish up with.

Lullaby for a Dolly

The birds beneath their mother's wings Are sleeping in their nest, And all the other pretty things At last have gone to rest.

The cocks and hens are dreaming too, And all the cows and sheep, Then shut your lovely eyes of blue, And sleep, my dolly, sleep.



-**→{** 32 }















